Ioana Ieronim

Ariadne's Veil

Poems



Edited by
Lidia Vianu

Contemporary Literature Press
http://editura.mttlc.ro

București
2013

Press Release

Bucharest Tuesday 23 July 2013

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Written in English.

(ISBN 978-606-8366-64-7)

Edited by **Lidia Vianu**.

Finding Daedalus behind the Thread and the Veil

Less than three months ago, we published a book of fiction written in the Romanian language by Doris Plantus, who teaches at an American university. We are now publishing a book of poetry written in the English language, this time, by the Romanian poet Ioana Ieronim. Although the former was born in America, and the latter in Romania, both writers have similar interests: they are also translators from and into Romanian, having translated for the screen and the stage at some point, and both of them are culturally very active promoting Romanian literature. What is more, Ioana Ieronim was the Romanian cultural attaché in Washington for four years in the 1990's.

Ioana Ieronim is now a "freelancer". She translates poetry into Romanian, she writes poetry in both Romanian and English, she even writes theatre plays. It must be added that she has also translated some of Shakespeare's plays into Romanian.

This book of 41 poems, all written in English, has something about it that strikes the reader: it is crystal clear.

Ariadne's Veil has two heroes: Ariadne and Theseus. According to the ancient myth, Ariadne helped Theseus come out alive from the labyrinth. She spun a thread for him to follow. That thread is the poem itself. As for the meaning of the thread, the veil, and the labyrinth — possibly connected to the Romanian city of Râşnov, more than 800 years old, where Ioana Ieronim spent her childhood years

—, the reader will find all those things out while reading her poems. They may seem clear, but that is only a first impression. The challenge is to find Daedalus behind Ariadne and Theseus and their thread.

Lidia Vianu

If you want to have all the information you need about ***Finnegans Wake***, including the full text of *Finnegans Wake*, line-numbered, go to the personal site **Sandulescu Online**, at the following internet address:

http://sandulescu.perso.monaco.mc/

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Director:
LIDIA VIANU
Executive Advisor:
GEORGE SANDULESCU

Contemporary Literature Press
Editura pentru Studiul Limbii Engleze prin Literatură

BRITISH COUNCIL
UNIVERSITATEA DIN BUCUREŞTI
INSTITUTUL CULTURAL ROMÂN
Ambasáid na hÉireann
Embassy of Ireland
Ambasada Irlandei

The only online Literature Publishing House of the University of Bucharest

ISBN: 978-606-8366-64-7

Cover Design, Illustrations, and overall Layout: **Lidia Vianu**

IT Expertise: Simona Sămulescu, Cristina Petrescu.
Publicity: Violeta Baroană
Logo: Manuela Stancu

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... There are so many impressive poems here that I would need a week to comment individually on them all. But what I want to say above all is that these are true poems, as profound and achieved as anything you have written. ... These poems may be light in tone and movement but they are absolutely serious in essence, and in many cases philosophical... If 'every book is a vanquished illness', it seems to me that you have found a new surge of energy and freedom in these poems. The 'art of distance' that is poetry comes very close to your natural voice here. And it is not only the big poems that impress. I can also completely identify with a brilliantly wise little poem like ***Blackberry***: *"that big blackberry / there/ is the word I need / in my line // I've tried to get it // nettles and thorns / hurt my hand // that ripe blackberry / gleaming / in the thicket."* I do want to warmly congratulate you on this very impressive work.

Dennis O'Driscoll (1 January 1954 – 24 December 2012)
Quoted from an e-mail correspondence.

All Rogues Lean to Rhyme

(FW 096.03)

Ioana Ieronim is a Romanian poet who knows foreign languages: English, German, French... At the beginning of her literary career, she graduated from the Department of English of the University of Bucharest. She has translated poetry from many languages, among which Turkish and Hebrew. This is her second attempt at writing poetry in the language of Shakespeare, whose *Tempest* she translated not long ago.

This is not Ariadne's book. It is not Theseus's book, either. This book is not the story of the Minotaur. Each poem is an image of the labyrinth that holds them all: the chaos, the darkness, and the hope of the human brain. It is "after / before / beyond".



It is the book of "these serial lives of ours, / serial Big Bangs".

Ioana Ieronim is not telling a story. She chose one for her title, though. Just like T.S. Eliot, who was borrowing stories from all literatures and all languages. Maybe more like Joyce, who broke all stories down to letters.

The words of this book are threads which lead to the "secret signals in our tides of cells / from one generation to another". Ariadne is a poet. Theseus is her poetry. The Minotaur, whom Theseus — helped by Ariadne — kills, lives in the labyrinth designed by Daedalus. When all is said and done, as Joyce once put it, "all rogues lean to rhyme" (FW 096.03). Ioana Ieronim' Rome is indeed rhyme.

Ariadne's Veil is living proof that poetry can take the veil off the eyes of its readers, even though the illumination lasts for the brief space of a poem.

Lidia Vianu

Ioana Ieronim

Ariadne's Veil

Poems



Acknowledgements

Thanks are due to Sean Cotter and Gene Tanta, American writers — as well as Fulbright scholars to Romania — for their feedback on these poems while they were work in progress. I am also indebted to my English-speaking friends who have read these poems over the past few years and whose interest and encouragement have been highly valuable to me.

Many thanks go to Lidia Vianu, this exceptional writer and reader, whose dedication in promoting literary translation and the unique *Contemporary Literature Press* publishing endeavour is admirable.

The Author

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Ariadne Spinning

Ariadne is spinning the fleece
flesh
herself

humming, lost in her dreams

she weaves at the loom
in the soft penumbra
lit by November leaves

barely able to see her own hands
or the design of her veil

the royal veil
made to envelop and enmesh

to find
and lose
the way



Feeding the Beast

Poems like bread, you say
rough and sweet
like the bread for those
who plough and harvest

bread like home
bread like far from home
the bread of communion
of survival

bread to feed silence and darkness
feed the beast's hunger for beauty
and blood

wisps from Ariadne's ball of red fleece
poems
across the void

their promise
their echoes that keep us walking
in the dark



Ariadne and Theseus on the Threshold

Here, Theseus,
the thread woven in my ancestors' veil
which I am unraveling for you

the thread gold and red
in which, as promised
I've spun myself, my whole land
the very stone underfoot

it will lead you to safety
they say
through the labyrinth bequeathed by my ancestors

through your own labyrinth.

Oh, the joy, the playfulness, the terror
of being face to face
on the Minotaur's threshold
you and I
reflecting one another
to infinity.

Here, my offer
that I do not quite understand
let it glide
from my warm hand into yours

the promised thread red and golden
silky as a sleeping serpent
as smooth as the horizon
that revolves in its sleep

for you to reach the hungry beast
and come back

Ariadne Says: The Mirror Is a Loom

you asked me to help you get out of the labyrinth
you asked me to save your life

I believed in the world where I was born,
things I could see and touch:
rarely asking any question aloud
and fewer in silence.

I had been wearing my ruby necklace and Sunday clothes
in dreamy motion, since you came

you asked me to save your life
I felt I could

… who places such faith in a woman
indeed, who had put that promise in me?

so it was, the soothsayer had spoken about it
his double-edged words seemed to come back now

I followed his story for you
but I also followed you in the labyrinth
lighter than air, closer than your own shadow,
for fear the thread I had given you might break

— it did not, it led you out safely
reeling from the deadly fight, gasping for air

it did not break, it only caught around my ankles
as I danced in happy terror,
the silky folds of my peplum wet with the blood
of the slain beast

the thread tangled more and more

with every step,
a golden maze across the high loom, the mirror
where our eyes had met

and flashed and wove
their ways

until one day the mirror broke

broke
with the power of that gaze

but that was after
before

beyond



THE BULL'S HORNS, THE HORIZON

you have killed the Minotaur

we slowly open our eyes
in this quiet

the sun is back every day
and the mutable moon,
borne on the horns of the life-giving bull
on the wide horizon of Taurus horns.

you have killed the hungry beast

and here I can see the sun
the moon
again
poised above you.

I do not move, only my veil floats
in slow motion

and the vision of the curving furry nape
that I hold on to
while you carry me
light and earthen
reclining

THE BREATH OF THE MINOTAUR

you have killed the Minotaur
it is so peaceful, the danger gone

all we hear, our own hearts

without the beast
there won't be that fear anymore
thanks to you, my hero
who are alive and with me –
praised be the gods

you my hero my beloved
big, tame and subdued at this time of grace
under my hands that dress your wounds
with the lightest healing touch

it's true
what they told you is true
I danced for him ever since I was too young
to walk and cannot remember

I danced for him
before the shadows of the labyrinth
before my own shadows of course –
the alarm and foreboding, like any child's

when his soft tongue touched my face or hands
in gratitude
calling me sister, in his own way,
I seldom ever felt he could have devoured me
in that very same motion

I came to learn more of the story from strangers
at a different time

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yes, I danced days and nights, elapsing seasons
in the Labyrinth

the huge breath of the Minotaur steamed my skin:
I looked like a jug filled with fresh water
from our deepest well

when I needed to rest
I lay on my half-brother's back
this way I could better see how I was changing

it was on his furry shoulders, in my sleep
that my breasts sprouted
and grew like fruit
(in the beginning they hurt
and the Minotaur's warm back was soothing;
they hurt for a while, then it felt good)

will I dance for you? Yes!
and my dances will be different
they will be all and all for you.

but oh Theseus! my lord Theseus!
your breath
your breath now

your breath
against my skin

WHO ARE YOU?

but who are you, Theseus, what is your name
behind the name that I call even in my sleep
when there is no memory of the worlds
you have founded
and will

what stays hidden beneath your name that I whisper
with a hunger older than ourselves
with a thirst so fresh in the fleeting moment
that words to name it have yet to be born

who are you to me, Theseus
my lord of many lives
and a hidden essence?

who? the labyrinth of days
shows me a different you
every time I open my eyes

it's my words that ask, not I

not I who can listen to you with my skin
and can feel you with my hearing,
taste and touch and arrest with a gaze
across expanses bending over the horizon

bridge over the water
cobweb over cliffs
joy
joy over joy

a life-saving answer
maybe
to the riddle
when the time comes

YOU THE STRANGER

you are a stranger, I keep forgetting

forgetting that with you
I do not speak my mother tongue

what do they call it
when we reach toward one another
across the contorted mirror of our senses
and your glance teaches me
that this is the way

what we say seems to relapse into roots
down
down to the seabed that became
a land of many flocks and pastures

and now
here you are
Stranger

caged wings beat in my body
which remembers these things

remembers its winged lightness
of the beginning

when it was promise

when it was
word

WHO SAID?

and yet
who said we were Ariadne and Theseus?

what Ariadne am I to you?
this woman who was a Dionysian bride at first
or his bride after
in our story as they tell it?
while I've been yours all along and time
time only turned and twisted on

is this Ariadne myself, spinning and weaving
or my sister that I think
is me? your sister maybe?
some ancestor? the oldest of all, Arachne?
the one who spins words for us
— black to take all, white to give all —
visible and invisible worlds winding together

what Ariadne am I to you, you of the Labyrinth?
this Ariadne who can no longer
see her own hands at the loom
nor her feet
dancing?

cannot see herself or you anymore
from a distance?

not since you flashed a mirror at me
from beyond the horizon
and my eyes blazed over, my hem caught fire

not since I followed you into the labyrinth
when your fight with the monster was at its fiercest

not since my ancestral mirror broke
under the force of your eyes
that had found me

: who had we truly been
before that arrested moment?

weave and unravel spin and unreel
a language that we have
learned from one another

I throw my veil between us
as you approach

how do I know it is you? — this sense
before knowledge

and you
suddenly near
so very near in the darkness



That Closeness

forehead to forehead
and closed eyes

so close that we fall in place
like folds of silk
like folds of wool

like our flesh that knows so much
and can so much
forget



LISTENING

let me listen to you
your hidden landscapes
your lives lost
in velvety oblivion

listen to the streams of blood
throbbing at your wrist
in the tender flesh inside your elbow

listen to the vulnerable intensity
in the soft vale at your collarbone

the silence on your lips
the whirls below

listen
listen through you
to these things that one cannot speak



MARIA AND THE NEW MOON

Maria stands barefoot on the new moon
as on a boat

rocking on the vault
the child in her arms

delicate waves in the air

sheep bells
from sheep no-one can see

the Mountain at twilight
dissolving



Fruit of the Forest

to shelter them in my palms
with my ten fingers
hold them silky and warm
as they sleep

feel their hidden wings stir
unfold in their shell, in their twin planets
their laced cage, the stunning sky
of their capillaries

feel the ragged slope between
feel them shudder as they awaken
with the deep — and deeper memory
of all species

suddenly tortuous like a brain landscape
rough like fruit of the forest
suspended over a chasm

the scent of the earth
its bounty rising
vertical
over secret precipices

as strong as the forbidden tree
we once plundered

plundered once and for all times

WEAVING

the forest with its lake and wild geese resting
before another flight

does, their eyes cautious and tender
flash in the air that trembles among trees

Ariadne keeps weaving
deep into the summer Solstice night

luminous darkness engulfs her loom
her hands

her weaving in an alien land



VIGNETTE

feelings
like lizards

like she-wolves
with their eyes of ember
in the dark

motion arrested
waiting for the mind to reach
its hypnotic body



Bedtime

bedtime
laptop close by

propped against pillows
like in a Turkish nest
working and oblivious
— this soft trance

the domesticated computer beast
sliding close
and closer yet

the air vibrant with errand souls

you
expanding in me
like a wisp of wind
like a scent like a tree
at the time of the blossoming magnolia



CONCETTI

there is a time coming with a vengeance
a time to believe such stories as used to make you laugh

a time to see that there is truth in the far-fetched concetti
for some donna angelicata
as could have hardly ever walked on earth

some truth in the flights of the dolce stil nuovo
that may seem pure exercise of the mind
among them who otherwise kept
their dagger and poison ready at all times

I'll have to believe it was true
that they could fall for someone just by looking
at a miniature no bigger than their palm

believe that they were able to cross
desert and sea
and fight wars and bleed and maybe die
under that sign

we may remember their lice and sweat and French disease
their profuse brotherly treason — but that won't deny
the power that set them on their way

the virtual power inherited in our flesh from all beginnings
simply there — so even words meant to cheat
will speak the truth

truth as in Louis Labé: "Je vis, je meurs :
je me brule et me noye.
J'ay chaut estreme en endurant froidure"

for indeed there are such inner
landscapes and seasons
with their words going all the way



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Trees and Aura

the aura of trees golden at their feet
to keep their roots warm

to summon the sap of life
back into blossoms and fruit
when the sun has regained its youth
in faraway gardens and spheres

trees, magnificent torches
baring themselves
to receive yet another life

surreal
clarity
when the bare horizon
can be seen through barren woods



Our True Language

poetry, our true language
that says it all
and can deny

poetry burning sky-high
and rising from its ashes in the morning

to spell anew
what hasn't been quite said
and cast its spell between the stone
and its reflection
between the skin and heart
the heart and skin

the language of the secret
sacred ground
that covers and discloses
the nakedness beneath

and hides us in plain sight



Swans on the Lake

two swans gliding towards one another
in grace and grandezza

their snow-white plumage electrified,
their wings half-raised to get
all of the sun

all
of one another

their fluid touch
their serpentine necks interlacing

their proud flamenco, elegant minuet
melting waltz

their sheer vibrant lust

ripples
running over the expanse of water



Songs And the Day



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Songs



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Morning Song

roll downhill with the hour
and beyond with the fog

with Saturn's sparkling golden wheel
in the early haze

cross over in beauty
like these swans on the lake

flash through wooden shutters
through bare windows

and go
go find him
before the day's noise has engulfed us all

go and meet him at the water
go and meet him in the air

go and meet him on dry dust at daybreak
go and meet him in a flame

in the lightning that closes your eyes
in the thunder that comes
a world after

go and find him, feel your way

feel — don't understand —
feel
with the naïve
undiminished sense
of a wild cat

ROUNDELAY

you put a tree of love in me
a cloak of love around

there are so many kinds of love
in our lives
— gods are to be thanked for these
priceless gifts

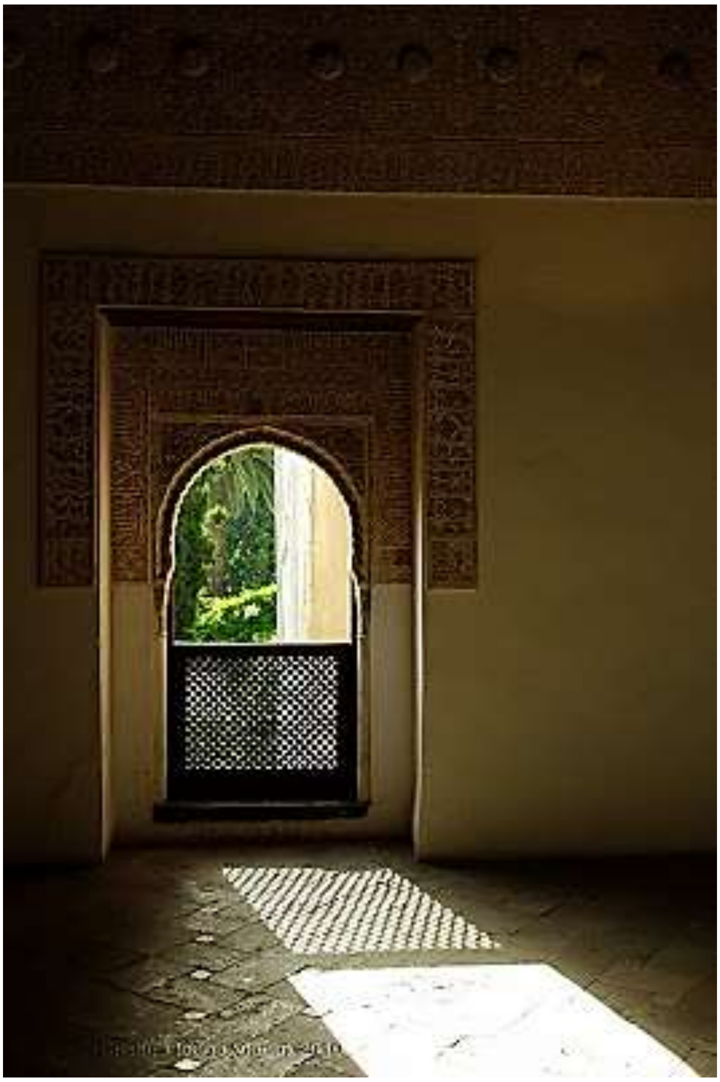
and yet there is none
none
like the one that I'm trying
to spell out
as you put a tree of love in me
a cloak of love
around



RILKEAN

I can see you best with my closed eyes
I can hear you best in deepest silence
I can touch you in the way
that a falling leaf touches the air
and swerves beyond the horizon

I can see you best in the starry dark
I can hear you best
from the core of silence



WARMTH OF WINTER

the land of knee-deep snow
where we can roll and tumble

warm our frozen hands
under wool and silk
at each other's bosom

as they used to, in villages
of the high mountain

tumble and roll
and warm our frozen hands
find each other
across worlds and lives

sway, as coral does
in deep-water streams

under the spell of the stars above
under the power of constellations
gleaming beneath



OUR WORDS WINGED AND SWALLOW-TAILED

let them be winged and swallow-tailed
let them bristle and cower

let them ignore frontiers
and what they have been taught

let them resonate from a continent's distance
clash and clutch and be drunken
with the unspoken that surrounds
the little that can be said

let them stretch their wings, try their claws
wait in ambush and charge

tease our earthen bodies out of themselves



Prayer with Guillotine in the Refrain

silence, its dewy cobwebs
snail trails shimmering under the moon

do not give me again
that forgetfulness of the heart

the guillotine falling
having already fallen
and no way back

— let me walk across this lawn this life
without overturning the chalice



YESTERDAY'S PETALS COVER THE ROAD

sap rising
blossoms explode
yesterday's petals cover the road
today's vibrant bloom
and wet newborn green
break through life lived
through the closed doors

ripe honeysuckle and linden scents
abandon their bodies, sweep us
from land and water
into sky-high whirlwinds

morning petals
strewn in the grass in the field
keep the mold where we lay
the trace as we went



MORGENSTIMMUNG

it is no dewy meadow that I step on
but a silky wooden floor

not you tapping at the window
but fir-branches dripping with the first sun

not you touching my face
but a wisp of early fog
sweeping over the lake

not you looking back, no mirror
but a labyrinth of mirrors
of a besotted instant of the mind



WHAT VESTALS KEEP THE FIRE GOING?

a starry lake this other mouth
this other heart throbbing

how would we know what vestals keep
the fire going?

a gleaming
glistening
starry lake

and you

to blur the mirror and cross over



The Wondrous Chemicals Racing in Us

if we humans had feelers and fins
to fan the air to cut through space
if we had feathers and foliage to express ourselves
if we could swell with the moon and the sea
if we could show a bushy tail
to say it all
to say it all

if we too could part waters in search of that land
if we could send magnetic spirals and tides
if there were ways to cut paths and thoroughfares
for windy feelings and the fiery void
and hit and run and sweep back again

had we just feelers and foliage
fins and wings
gleaming roots underground to light our way

you know, these things
teasingly beyond our reach
though they were ours once upon a time



HUNTING

words words songs roll like pebbles
between the Dragon's claws
on his curling tongue

— how much quicker should our mind be
for the hunt

how much lighter and sleek
our earthen body?



Shuffle and Break

joy crimson joy our step of a minuet
of break-dance, tectonic and techno
rock
rock and rock yet again

erratic flights dazzling inter-
continental bytes
seeds propelled
by their miraculous engines

the day will snatch us apart
snatch us away even from ourselves
most of the way

and catch us in different tableaux

with our banter and joy, our lighter step
and heritage of darkness
we rock and sway
shuffle and break
into the moment



...And the Day



WikiLeaks

Today the time of WikiLeaks
the time of superbugs
that break virtual locks to virtual trash and treasures.

Rock and Lib lasted several (hasty) generations
before this curt final motion — and switch back
to the timeless village: the one we love
yet would not choose to live in

the village, I mean, where everyone
knows everything about everyone else

but things still happen.

The village of our planetary voyeurism.

Science wizards on CNN speak about the flimsy
fabric of the Universe: seems so much like ourselves
— enmeshed in an embrace
later to forget

these serial lives of ours,
serial Big Bangs.

It's midnight, the time of Wikileaks,
the time of witches
of deadly virtual weapons and virus sieges

the laptop
warm
against the warm body

MIDSUMMER IN BUCHAREST — DRĂGAICA

sweet stuccoed façades whisper to one another
under labyrinths of branches

the linden trees sway their ripe scent
in the chiaroscuro of little streets at high noon

this hushed secret charm of Bucharest in summer
when the sun melts
above drowsy roofs
past cool dark seductive interiors

Europe
almost Orient

gypsy girls have suddenly flooded the streets
having come from afar
from their dance in the fields at dawn

they bring fresh garlands and wreaths
they sell armfuls of sunny wild Midsummer flowers
at timeless crossroads
under the blink of traffic lights



One Step Follows Another

for Diana

one step follows another
even before we are born

when tiny soles tread around their sphere
moving and spinning
on trails that echo the stars above

one step follows another
in a dream

where gravity is lighter
and walking is flight

*

later too, one step follows another
on stone and dust and asphalt
on French floors

where one may be hurt
hurt and bleed

and walk will still be flight
sometimes



A Seagull Shrieks

a seagull shrieks far over the lake
it sways on a buoy and shrieks
Danger

shrieks with its wide-open beak, another Munch Scream
another call like that of the stone man
pulling himself off the façade
of the Münster Cathedral in Bern

: his horrified shriek should reach
the margins of the world
and wake us all

but this is a weekend, people wade in their mélange
of European lingos
eating from bags of marroni — sold in Arabic

the seagull holds on to its buoy
and shrieks.

I look at last the way it looks
and what do I see?
the year's first SNOW in the mountains

: when did that happen!?

what danger does the seagull read
in this vision of absolute beauty?

IN AND OUT OF FASHION

yes, a woman from our old lands has strong thighs
as she needed them for millennia

she needed them
when she had hardly grown out of childhood
and she was married away
and had to bear her man's weight

and not break

she had to rock him and milk his flesh in hers
and bear him children — maybe ten or fourteen,
a few also after their elder daughters
had given birth to their own

she had to bear the burden of loom
and spade and rake, of house and field

and not break

she had to bear her husband and sons
maybe drunk, maybe wounded
from their work, from vicious fights

carry them and wash them and dress them clean
and let them sleep like new-born
into a new day

she had to bear her husband and sons
when they were brought back from war
dead
(thanking God she could see them again
and see them sleep the long sleep in their own dust)

bear them and wash them and clothe them
in their clothes — all made by herself
with joy and love and singing: she called that resting

and now to clothe her husband, her sons
to lament and bury them

and yet not break

she has strong thighs, a woman from our old lands
strong as they were needed

that is out of fashion now

yet bodies change slower than history
than the story we think we inhabit

these secret signals in our tides of cells
from one generation to another



RATHER DANCE, RATHER MUSIC

a poem is a cry not a story, they say
it's the music of what happens
(or never does)

it's rather dance, flow
the act of a godly spokesperson

some ventriloquist

not fully communicable
and yet communion

communicating before
being understood (T.S. Eliot)

"subversive" (George Szirtes)
"in a world that has no more time
for such things"

Yet
"everyone thinks they can write poetry,"
Fiona Sampson smiles. "It is like photography."



ODE TO JOY

For Clara

Victory! Victory! Victory!
the world we have wished for
has come!
After all this history of ours
all the pharaohs
and seas of blood!

I will not lower my head again
never ever again — only before those who died
so we may live.

Here in the Tahrir Square
were we born again.
Victory!!! This is the Friday of Victory!
We have vanquished our fear!
we are FREE!! We are breathing the air of liberty
which intoxicates us.
Look at us! Look!! we shine
we shed light!

Let them enjoy the moment, the wise whisper.
Let it be the time of Joy, the divine spark.
… Our cataract-hazy eyes can see
what their young eyes cannot —
the part that has already been lost.

Let them enjoy the moment, she murmurs
her eyes glued to the news —
she who had just graduated from high school
in Bucharest, December '89.
Let them be happy — for a day

she says.
And her voice flickers
like a candle on Easter night



BLACKBERRY

Creer, Scotland

that big blackberry
there
is the word I need
in my line

I've tried to get it

nettles and thorns
hurt my hand

that ripe blackberry
gleaming
in the thicket



The Stealthy Touch

Once my hand met a hand that was just gliding into my purse: it slid against my palm, felt like a soft falling leaf, moving velvety, unhurried to its target. Still advancing for a split second. And then the thud, my grip.

I silently let go. His eyes clutched at mine for a fleeting moment: the famished face of a young gypsy boy, hardly in his teens. And that age-old sadness. His slim, shrinking frame. His power to become invisible in the crowded bus. Bucharest, late '80s. He slipped out at the following stop, among people hanging and dangling at the doors.

The touch of his hand stayed. And now, ages after, I wonder: isn't writing itself merely theft as well — like all things we believe are ours in "the real world"? Where we keep stealing glances and stealing sights not made for our eyes. The tempo rubato of amours and amourettes sometimes. And heavier things so many.

The writing hand moving unhurried to its target. Containing its passion. Feigning to look the other way, to be asleep, to be dead, not to be at all. A leaf blown in the wind, unnoticeable among flocks of wandering leaves.

And as quick as lightning to grab, when no one can see.
To hunt in forbidden land
in ourselves as well as in heaven.

Hunt
and devour.

And put words in place



Contemporary Literature Press
http://editura.mttlc.ro
Bucureşti 2013



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More than ten collections of lyrics, some in English, online: *Omnivorous Syllables* and *The Lens of a Flame*.

Participant in various international literary events and multimedia initiatives. Poetry, essays and plays published in journals and anthologies in several European countries, USA, Israel and Argentina.

She produced extensive translations of international poetry into Romanian. Her drama translations, from Shakespeare to Tony Kushner and Goran Stefanovski, are in the current repertoire in Romania. Recently her Romanian versions of Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure* and Arthur Miller's *Death of a Salesman* were printed in separate volumes too.

A collection of Romanian verse, *Când strugurii se prefac în vin* (When Grapes Turn into Wine), soon to be published at the Cartea Românească Press, Bucharest.

Her working engagements included being an editor for foreign encyclopaedias, cultural journalist (*Secolul 20*, revista 22), Romania's cultural attaché to Washington D.C. (1992-1996) and

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